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POLI TIC S



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# LIFE

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"CAN YOU SIT UP WITH MY DAUGHTER EVERY NIGHT AND STILL DO YOUR REGULAR BUSINESS, SIR?"  
 "BUT THAT'S MY REGULAR BUSINESS."

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*Proud-To-Be-Hairless Cooperative Society.*





"While there is Life there's Hope."

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WE are somewhat perplexed about divorce. It has increased preposterously in this country in recent years. It is reported that it now takes sixty thousand decrees a year to supply the American market, and the demand is increasing. In 1899, only five years ago, there were only twenty-three thousand American divorces. The jump from that number to sixty thousand is prodigious, yet the gentlemen who discuss the subject assure us that such a jump has actually been made. If that is true—if these figures, quoted by such men as Bishop Greer, are accurate—it is no wonder that there is such an outcry from the clergy and our other moralists against the increasing disposition towards marital vagrancy. What is the matter with the people? Is it that the great increase of wealth in the last five years has enabled a multitude of partners to pull apart, who were constrained while they were poorer to pull together? Or is it that the general sentiment of disapproval of divorce has become modified; that the sort of city life that prevails increasingly has fomented "race-suicide" and weakened the ties of domestic life; that many more people are chasing pleasure hard and foolishly, and are ready to override all obstacles that come between them and the momentary object of their fleeting desires? In the last century, when our national allowance of

divorces was still moderate, it commonly happened that the failure of a marriage was due to some irremediable defect, or defection, of one party to it, and there was commonly, though by no means invariably, an innocent party, legally and actually blameless, whose interests and future welfare deserved protection. But since divorces have suddenly trebled in number, the inference must be that most of these people who ask the courts to loose their bonds are trifling persons, without the mental or moral qualifications for constancy and self-sacrificing good faith.



WE all know one or two classes of people who are prone to find their marital obligations irksome. The allowance of divorce among players is conspicuously large, and always has been. That is due largely to the nature of their business, which impairs domesticity. Of late years, too, the pleasure-seeking rich, especially the newly rich, have needed a great deal more than their reasonable allowance of divorce. It is true of them, too, that their habits of life impair domesticity. Emancipated from most duties and most of the common cares, and unrestrained by even the need of making a living, they are out for fun, and impatient of everything that ought to steady them.

But all the stage people and all the foolish rich people put together can hardly account for more than one or two per cent. of our annual sixty thousand divorces. What of all the rest? What ails them? What can we do for them, and how can we hinder them from doing a damage to us by injuring the stability of marriage? Are they better or worse off because of easy divorce; and are those of us who try to be decent and constant, the better or the worse for their swelling the divorce statistics?

As for them, they are largely no-account people, who misbehave married, and doubtless continue to misbehave divorced. Whether or not the bulk of them are legally qualified to remarry and misbehave some more seems, so far as concerns them, not such a very

important matter. But they have so overdone the divorce business as to prejudice the cases of even those decent people who are really innocent parties, and can bring away from a divorce, not only their liberty, but the respect of their friends. The Episcopal Church is trying to do what it can to throw discredit on divorce and make it less fashionable, by refusing to remarry divorced persons. It has not perfected this refusal yet, but it has almost perfected it, and the whole point is likely to be carried at the next convention. The rule will be hard on the innocent party who wants to marry again, and thinks it essential to comfort to be countenanced by the Episcopal Church and married by an Episcopal minister. But in so far as any church can help to make divorce disreputable and undesirable, and induce restless spouses to bear long with one another and stick to their families, its influence in this time and land may surely be profitably exerted to that end. We are not sure that the action of the Episcopal Church will have an appreciable effect, but if it does, too tender a consideration for the comfort of the sporadic innocent party ought not to weigh too much against the interests of the general public.



IT was delightful to have Missouri go Republican. It broke the solid South, and it emphasized the majority for Joseph Folk, the coming Democratic Governor. But it had one sad result in that the election of a Republican legislature in Missouri will deprive the Senate of the services of Senator Cockrell. He is an honored and beloved man, a Senator of thirty years' standing, a citizen of a noble type. Doubtless Missouri will tear her hair at the idea of his retirement. If Senators were elected by a popular vote, without doubt he would have been his own successor. The worst of it is that he is seventy years old, and cannot well afford to wait until he comes to his own again. Is there not some dignified office to which he can be appointed, so that the country may not lose the influence of his experienced judgment upon public affairs?





THE PAWNBROKER.



A BLOW IN THE POLAR PLEXUS.

### The Winner.

THE ten contributions to LIFE's Contest, "Are Three American Women Out of Five Disappointed in Their Husbands?" were submitted independently to four judges. Three out of the four decided that the prize should go to No. 4. The winner is Lieutenant Commander Ward Winchell, U. S. Navy, U. S. S. Culgoa. For the benefit of those of our readers interested in the contest, we reprint herewith the winning contribution:

No. 4.

**D**ISAPPOINTED? Yes. Because

There lives within the very flame of love  
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it.

At one pole we have the grass widow, who, asked if love cools after marriage, replied:

"Does it! Why, it freezes solid."

At the other pole we have George Eliot, who wrote—"Some woman, obliged to consider the price of eggs in arranging her dinner, was listening for the music of a footstep that would remove all risk from her foretaste of joy; some couple, bending cheek by cheek over a bit of work done by the one and de-

lighted in by the other, were reckoning the earnings that would make them rich enough for a holiday among the furze and heather." Between these extremes lie all of married woe or married bliss. It is for each bride to choose whether she will join the three-fifths down in the sloughs of despond, or dwell with the two-fifths far up the sunny heights.

Any woman in love with any man finds him, after marriage, not the man who won her, but an entirely different being. Then comes a period of readjustment—of real falling in love for the lucky elect, of real falling out for those preordained to disappointment.

Married love is a rare, sensitive plant—a plant needing not only stores of rich earth heaped about its roots, but measured largess of water and careful dole of sun and shade at the top, to the end that blossoms may lift aspiring heads towards the stars. Happy the married lovers who prune and cultivate; gently repressing the rank growth of a weedy branch here, patiently nurturing a tender budding excellence there, until the result seems to belong not to earth, but to paradise.

In every happy marriage there should be similarity of principles or tastes in big things, with difference of tastes in small things. The former insures mutual respect; the latter, mutual interest. And over the union must

brood Charity broad enough to forgive the very worst, and Hope that confidently looks for the very best.

These be good ingredients, and if you spice them with humor, stir in all the poetry the mixture will take, and break in an enforced separation for a month or two now and then—for "sweets grown common lose their dear delight," and "what we have we prize not to its worth until 'tis lost"—then indeed we have all the elements of an earthly paradise.

Remember, love is the union of a want and a sentiment—cultivate the sentiment.

Here follow some "don'ts" for the bride:

Don't be too serious.

Don't think you've married an angel, for angels do *not* marry.

Don't cut out the babies. Most men are vain enough to want little prints of themselves, so don't forget the stork when you send out your "at home" bids.



THE PRESIDENT'S PET BIRD.

### Openings to Avoid.



HE tired but hopeful reader in quest of a good short story is often led on to read through to the end, when, by considering the opening, he can save himself much hard work.

Look out, then, for the following openings :

#### THE DIALECT.

(Now only occasionally met with.)

"It's right pert of ye ter come over 'n' see me," said Abigail.

"Yaas. The creek's so high terday I thought I moughtent miss much," replied Gabe.

This means that somebody is going to miss being drowned in the creek by a hair's breadth, and Abigail will marry the right man in the end. They always do.

#### THE MODERN SOCIETY.

Merriam's box was next to the Duke's. As her hunter came out into the ring one of the judges looked up and smiled. The Duke was not there, but later he came in. Throwing away his cigarette, he bowed coldly as he entered his own box.

This means that there is trouble ahead for the Duke, Merriam's father and the judge who smiled not wisely but too well, and that much coin will change hands, after which Merriam will have a final scene, in which the Duke barely escapes with his life.

#### THE EUROPEAN OPENING.

The season at Monte Carlo was on the wane. John Henry Spudkins, who had passed through the Japanese war without a scratch, sat listlessly at one of the tables while the croupier was monotonously calling. Looking up suddenly, his eye was attracted by a young woman in black who sat opposite. Her face was deathly pale.

This means that the woman in black is an intimate friend of an intimate friend of the Czar, and John Henry, if he knew his business, would take the first ocean steamer home. Instead of this, he gets acquainted with the woman in black, and about four hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewels is found in a secret drawer in his trunk, after which he is arrested by a Russian secret policeman, and finally escapes through the daughter of an apple woman, who falls in love with him.

Tom Masson.



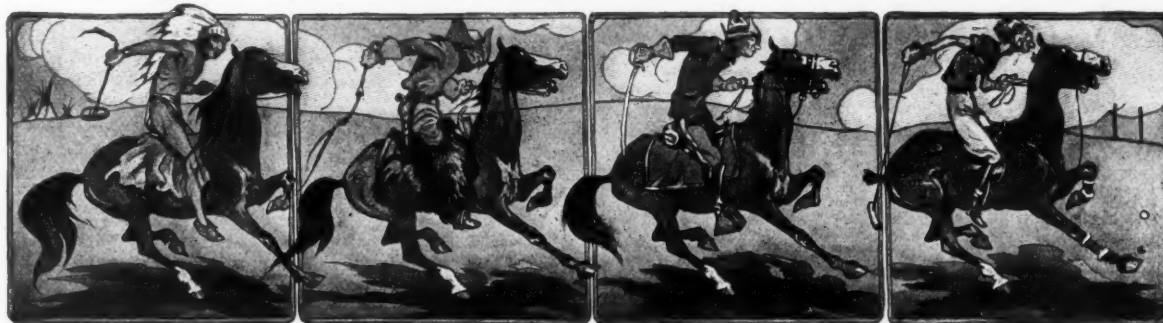
### Taken Just Before Election.

(Showing effect of crushing responsibilities and necessary suppression upon the Republican candidate.)

ONE of the happy results of election is the consciousness that we have President Roosevelt with us once more, looking like himself again, and trying with humble confidence to live down some of his campaign reputations. What wonderful portraits of him have been painted in the last four months! We trust that in his own mind his identity remains unconfused. It is quite a jolt to pass from campaign fiction back into real life, but the President can probably stand it. He has lived much in Wonderland, and must have got used to transitions.

Yesterday's vote is a fresh and illuminating proof of the truism that no man is greater than his party.—*New York Commercial*.

LEND us your glasses, neighbor. Through ours it looks exactly the contrary. But perhaps we are not both looking at the same man.



CIVILIZATION OF THE AMERICAN PONY.





## ARE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS A BLESSING OR A NUISANCE?

FOR the best answer to this question, contained in five hundred words or less, LIFE will give fifty dollars. Correspondents may treat the subject in any way they prefer.

As our question applies only to adults, it meets with the full approval of Santa Claus.



### To an Indian Skull.

(Found in a Broadway excavation.)

**G**AUNT relic with the vacant smile,  
What think you of Manhattan isle  
Your tribesmen sold in trustfulness  
For thirty dollars, more or less?

My! if your legs were with you yet,  
You'd kick, I am disposed to bet,  
Because you sold out in a slump  
Before your stocks began to jump.

Step lively, please! this hallowed ground  
Ill suits your mouldering rest profound;  
Since these God's acres have been sold  
For very near their weight in gold.

Where once your wigwam fluttered, see  
Yon million-dollar steel tepee—  
Where once your war-dance gave its thrill,  
Now flings the nightly vaudeville.

Here sat your god of wood and stone—  
Ah, how his pagan time is gone!  
Now through the tweed-clad tribes is borne  
The Calf of gilded hoof and horn.

Where once your tribesmen tread the trail  
Behold the hansom smartly sail,  
Wherein the Johnnie sits alone,  
With skull as hollow as your own.

Well may you hear, with loosening teeth,  
The "L" above, the "Sub" beneath,  
The auto's toot, the rumbling van—  
Sleep on, poor relic—if you can!

Wallace Irwin.

### Inaugural.

**T**HE Inauguration ceremonies were the finest ever witnessed.

The President's daughter, in a float provided by the Zip Breakfast Food Company, headed the procession.

Eight thousand novelists, each with his typewriter strapped to his back, came next.

Two million automobilists followed in overalls, just as they came from repairing their machines. The enthusiasm and odor were intense.

After this came the Imperial guards, all with uniforms provided by the New Clothing Syndicate, just incorpo-

rated by the Government. And then—

*Fifth.* Head of the Beef Trust, sitting on a golden throne.

*Sixth.* A float representing the union of the Standard Oil and the Baptist Church.

*Seventh.* The President, in a go-cart with the following legend inscribed in red paint:

I love my country for what there is in it.

### Incompetent.

**P**RESIDENT: We'll have to discharge that superintendent. The doctors hate him.

**GENERAL MANAGER:** What's the trouble?

"Why, he wants to take off the open cars before the winter is half over."



*Bank President:* WE'RE RUINED! THE CASHIER HAS ABSCONDED WITH ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.

*Director:* DON'T GET EXCITED. HE HAS LEFT A NOTE OFFERING TO TAKE US INTO PARTNERSHIP.



IF MOTHER'S A PEACH.

IF YOUR DAUGHTER'S NOT PRETTY AND YOU ARE A PEACH,  
AND THE MEN GLANCE *your* WAY, DON'T YOU KNOW,  
IT'S YOUR DUTY TO RIG YOURSELF UP IN A STYLE  
THAT WILL GIVE LITTLE DAUGHTER A SHOW!



BEYOND MERE CONJECTURE.

IF YOU BRING HOME TWO COOKS FOR YOUR WIFE TO INSPECT—  
ONE IS UGLY, THE OTHER'S A PET;  
THE QUESTION COMES UP, WHICH WILL DEAR WIFIE CHOOSE—  
BUT IT WOULDN'T BE SPORTING TO BET!

### Worry.

**I**T is a melancholy fact that few people worry systematically. They are apt to concentrate their worry in spots, and then, when the reaction sets in, they are positively gay.

Each one of us has worry enough to last a lifetime, if it is but properly distributed. We dress and eat and sleep more or less regularly, and we should certainly worry with the same consistency.

There are some people, especially those who are poor, who claim they have no time to worry, they are so much occupied. But this is only because they do not make time. Worry need not be the exclusive privilege of the rich. It is open to all who are willing to devote the care and attention to it that it deserves.

One of the best times to worry is about five in the morning, when the vitality is at its lowest. If it is hard to

wake up at this hour, use an alarm clock. Lie as rigid as possible, with your hands clasped, and your teeth set, and your eyes fixed. Do not make the mistake, as some do, of facing your troubles, because oftentimes, when they are faced, they disappear, and thus worry doesn't get a fair show. Instead of this, brood on them vaguely. In this way you will gradually develop a kind of inward terror, which is a great help to worry. Practice doing this every morning at dawn. At first it may be hard, but by and by the habit will become fixed, and then you will not have to chide yourself afterwards because you were losing so much time worrying as you ought.

Another great help is to cultivate your imagination as much as possible. Remember that the immediate present, with its sense of security, will soon pass, and that the future, with all kinds of trouble, is coming. Try to imagine

some of the things that may happen, and by doing this systematically, you will find that it is possible never to be wholly out of a good stock of worry, and by putting your faith in imaginary troubles, you will never be at a loss.

Do not worry too hastily; for if you do you may recover too rapidly and lose your equilibrium. But go at it calmly, slowly and persistently. In a short time you will find that you are worrying almost without any effort. But even then do not allow yourself to be too much elated over your success. For if you do, the very object that you have striven so hard to achieve will be defeated.

Allow yourself only a proper feeling of pride and sense of true dignity; otherwise, your capacity for worry may be too much restricted by your satisfaction in your own development.

Tom Masson.

• LIFE



A HURRY CALL



LIFE.



A HURRY CALL

### The Saddest Words.

THE saddest words of tongue or pen—  
I say them o'er and o'er again—  
Are these sad words (more sad the thought),  
"When stocks were low, I might have bought!"



### A Widely Varied Range of Entertainment.

THE great personal popularity of Ethel Barrymore and the pathetic interest she lends to the title rôle make "Sunday" a possibility. Without these two props, it is to be feared that this crude construction of an international drama would fall into its curious component parts. Its Anglo-Americanism reminds one of the burlesque English coon song which went something like

Way down on the old Niagara River,  
Where the sweet bananas grow,  
And we gather 'possums in the tree tops,  
I'll take my old banjo.

But in spite of the author's failure to catch the American atmosphere or to draw plausible American characters, the play gives Ethel Barrymore a part which adapts itself peculiarly well to her peculiar personality. The *gaucherie* of *Sunday*, the plaintive notes in her voice which betoken her orphaned condition, and her clinging dependence on the four rough men who are her protectors are well within the actress's abilities and she makes them tell to full advantage. The cast is very far from being a strong one. Mr. Charles Harbury gives a good picture of that type of Englishman who is fond of his comfort, and has seen enough of the world to be neither greatly surprised, deeply interested, nor much pleased by anything. The mining gentlemen are decidedly hopeless as characters, both as drawn by the author and pictured by the actors, with the exception of the clean-cut performance of *Lively* by Mr. William Sampson.

It's very possible that an American locating the scenes of a play in England would make worse mistakes than Mr. Raceward has in "Sunday," but the presumption is that an American of average sense, and who couldn't handle his subject better, would hesitate before committing himself to a plot which he couldn't make plausible. It's very remarkable that an American manager

could have thought this piece suitable for American audiences, and in this case full credit must be given to Ethel Barrymore for helping both author and manager out of a good opportunity for a failure.



A CAPITAL illustration of how not to do things was shown in the case of "The Rich Mrs. Repton," which lasted through an inglorious run of four nights and a matinée. The situation was this: The theatrical powers that be had

a play by an English playwright with a considerable vogue, an excellent actress who was not earning a salary, and a theatre which had to be supplied with an attraction to make it earn its rent. What simpler than to combine the three? Ergo, at the Criterion Theatre was announced Fay Davis in "The Rich Mrs. Repton," by R. C. Carton. The heroine of the piece was evidently intended to be a woman of middle years, but still sufficiently attractive to be not beyond the possibility of matrimony. The merest tyro at theatrical management would have known that Fay Davis was too young and attractive in appearance to make credible for a moment the notion that she could personate a woman who had established under her roof a club for young and impecunious bachelors, and who acted as its angel as well as the intimate associate of its susceptible members. In any event, the play was beyond the bounds of credence—with Fay Davis in the leading part, it became absurd. A woman like Agnes Booth playing *Mrs. Repton* might have made her seem feasible, until the inevitable moment when she would have been committed to a hospital for the insane; but even her talents would have been wasted in trying to give a semblance of actuality to Mr. Carton's strange effort. Even so good and well-endowed an actress as Fay Davis was driven into an inartistic performance in the attempt to



WITH THE BALTIC FLEET.

*The Gallant Whale:* QUIT YOUR SHOOTING, ADMIRAL SCAREDTODEATHSKY. THAT AIN'T NO TORPEDO BOAT YOU'RE FIRING AT OUT THERE; THAT'S MY WIFE.



"PROSPERITY MAKES STRANGE BEDFELLOWS."

make the character something definite. She loaded her voice, naturally melodious, with all sorts of sharp and rasping tones and adopted a sort of sailor walk in a misguided effort to portray something entirely outside her range of portrayal.

"The Rich Mrs. Repton" is dead and buried beyond the hope of resurrection, and its brief career deserves notice only as a testament to what is claimed to be the artistic knowledge of the men who are guiding the destinies of the American theatre.

**H**OW much more expenditure of means and effort is it going to take to convince gentlemen with money to expend on stage productions, that the public is rather tired of the ordinary brand of comic opera, and that it requires something of almost phenomenal brightness and originality to catch the popular fancy? No longer will suffice the old formula of a book with a few funny lines and verses, a score with commonplace airs and ensembles, a comedian with a reputation for having been funny at some time in his career, soloists with second-rate voices, brilliant costumes and scenes, nay, not even thousands of girls of various degrees of prettiness and undressedness. Time was when "A China Doll," lately produced at the Majestic, would have been considered a successful performance and have

gone on to a profitable career. But it has had too many predecessors of its own kind. First of all, the Chinese and Japanese costumes have been done to death and have grown to be a handicap, no matter how gorgeous. Its book and its music are not in any way remarkable—just the same old thing. Its voices and femininity are of the customary types.

"A China Doll" isn't very good or very bad of its kind. The main trouble is that its kind has been done and overdone to the point where everybody is sick of it.



**N**OT for a long time has our old friend "Humpty Dumpty" fallen from the wall in New York. There has come into being a new and countless generation of children to welcome him, since Fox made him beloved of youngsters who are now men and women of affairs, and who welcome the opportunity to renew their acquaintance with him and his antics and grotesque misfortunes. Seeing the present pantomime compels the belief that no one but a child should write a notice of such an entertainment, for none but a child can appreciate its essence. To the grown-up who recalls a *Humpty Dumpty* who was a *Humpty Dumpty*, a *Harle-*

*quin* who was the perfection of grace, a *Columbine* who was beauty itself, and a *Pantaloon* who deserved all he got, but who provoked roars of laughter in the way he got it and by the way he received it, the present impersonators seem crude and unsatisfactory in their methods. They do not even seem to please the children as did those of other days, which may perhaps mean that American children are not easily pleased in these days.

As a spectacle, "Humpty Dumpty," at the New Amsterdam, is very gorgeous. The sore-eyed and malformed Hebrew children who were so conspicuous in last year's spectacle at this house have happily been reduced in number, and the standard of good looks among the figurantes has been raised by a similar elimination. There is no fun in the lines, and the music is very ordinary, but as a spectacle, the production is elaborate and costly.

*Metcalfe.*

### LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRE



*Academy of Music.*—"The Wizard of Oz." Extravaganza with fun and music.

*Belasco.*—"The Music Master," with David Warfield in the leading part. Pathos, humor and good acting.

*Bijou.*—"Mrs. Black Is Back." May Irwin as jolly and tuneful as ever.

*Broadway.*—Fritzi Scheff in "The Two Roses."

*Casino.*—"The Baroness Fiddlesticks."

*Criterion.*—Louis Mann in "The Second Fiddle."

*Daly's.*—Miss Nance O'Neil in repertory.

*Empire.*—"The Duke of Killcrankie." John Drew and capable company in fashionable comedy.

*Garden.*—"The College Widow." George Ade having fun with American college life.

*Garrick.*—Last week of "Joseph Entangled." Interesting play of English society.

*Hudson.*—Ethel Barrymore in "Sunday." See opposite.

*Knickerbocker.*—N. C. Goodwin in "The Usurper."

*Lycium.*—Charles Wyndham and Mary Moore in "Mrs. Gorrings Necklace."

*Lyric.*—Mme. Réjane in repertoire of French plays.

*Majestic.*—"A China Doll." See above.

*Manhattan.*—Mrs. Fiske in Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler." Morbid but interesting.

*New York.*—"Woodland."

*Princess.*—Amelia Bingham in Clyde Fitch's "The Climbers." Microscopic study of New York society life.

*Savoy.*—The curious characters from "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" amusingly reproduced.

*Wallack's.*—"The Sho-Gun." Comic opera of the usual kind done in the usual way.

*Weber Music Hall.*—"Higgledy-Piggledy." Flippant and funny mélange.





A NEW UNION.

N. B.—IT IS IN BAD ODOR, ESPECIALLY IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS.

### THE LATEST BOOKS

JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S autobiography, *An Irishman's Story*, is, in a certain way, a disappointment. The statement is made with reluctance and with a qualification. For McCarthy is one of our heirlooms, literary, political and ethnical. An Irishman of the old school, in vivid contradistinction to that newer school who are striving to be Celts instead of Hibernians. We have cheered him, and laughed with him, and loved him, lo! these many years; and if there is little in *An Irishman's Story* that he has not told us before, there is at least much that will bear retelling.

*Freckles* is a new idyl of the Limberlost Swamp, by Gene Stratton Porter, whose beautiful *Song of the Cardinal* will be remembered by many readers. *The Song of the Cardinal* was a bird's love story and *Freckles* is a human

one, but no feathered romance was ever daintier. The beauties of the Limberlost and its horrors, its big-hearted lumbermen and its renegades are woven into a tale full of tender feeling and quick action—a little too good to be true, but never too good to believe in.

*Love in Chief*, a novel by a new writer, Rose K. Weekes, is one of the tantalizing books which leaves one divided between resentment that such possibilities had not fallen to better hands, and hope of what so promising a beginning may foreshadow. It is an English story, in itself sufficiently commonplace, and resulting in two marriages which, in real life, would be the beginning of much trouble. But at least two of its characters are conceptions which deserve to have been elucidated by a master's hand.

Had Harold Macgrath's story of a Washington escapade, *The Man on the Box*, been written for the stage and well acted it would have been voted a clean, spirited and clever society

comedy, and in book form it deserves no less complimentary a rating. The author seems to have been in the best of humor with himself, his characters and his audience and takes us into his confidence, with an engaging unconventionality which almost goes to the point of winking at us over the lovers' shoulders.

Miss Grace D. Litchfield sketches an attractive social coterie in a Central New York town in *The Letter D*. One meets some pleasant people and glimpses a very real and wholesome, and fortunately not uncommon, aspect of Eastern life. But the plot of her story turns upon a crime—the theft of a manuscript and the resulting, though temporary, tragedy—and the tragic is a trifle beyond the author's powers.

*The Little Book of Life after Death*, translated from the German of Gustav Fechner, is a strange bit of flotsam to come to us from the rugged shores of Teutonic philosophy. A theory founded upon the most untenable of analogies, dogmatic to the



'T WAS A RUN, ANYWAY.

*Chaffy:* I FELT POSITIVE, IF I CALLED UPON YOU, THAT I'D MAKE A HIT, DON'T YOU KNOW?  
*Miss Weenie:* YES, AND I THINK 'T WILL BE A HOME RUN. I HEAR PAPA COMING DOWN THE STAIRS.

verge of impudence, the output of pantheism turned egotist, the little treatise is yet full of beautiful thought and to be welcomed for the mental by-products of its contradictions.

Louis Tracy's detective story, *The Albert Gate Mystery*, is the most readable book of its class that has appeared lately, a statement, by the way, that does not convey extravagant praise. Mr. Tracy keeps under excellent control the deductive powers of Reginald Brett, his understudy for Sherlock Holmes, the quality of mystery is not strained and the tale runs to action

and adventure with a frankness that smacks of novelty. *J. B. Kerfoot.*

*An Irishman's Story.* By Justin McCarthy. (The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.)

*Freckles.* By Gene Stratton Porter. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.50.)

*Love in Chief.* By Rose K. Weekes. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

*The Man on the Box.* By Harold Macgrath. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.)

*The Letter D.* By Grace Denio Litchfield. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)

*The Little Book of Life after Death.* By Gustav Fechner. (Little, Brown and Company. \$1.00.)

*The Albert Gate Mystery.* By Louis Tracy, R.F. Fenno and Company. \$1.50.)

### On the Inside.

"AND," said the beginner to the seasoned C. S. practitioner, "what am I to say when my patients recover? That their faith has made them whole?"

"Gracious, no!" replied the mentor. "Impress it on them that they were healed through your clear understanding of 'Science,' as revealed by our beloved teacher and leader, Mary Baker G. Eddy, in her text-book, 'Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures.'"

"And, if they die," queried the beginner, "must I confess to the world that the ailment for which I was treating them caused their death?"

"You are hopeless, I fear," sighed the old practitioner. "Certainly not. Tell their friends that the disease yielded to the repeated applications of Infinite Mind, as explained by our beloved leader and teacher, Mary Baker G. Eddy, in her text-book, 'Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures,' but that the patient 'passed out' under a claim of Malicious Animal Magnetism."

### A Load Lifted.

MRS. CHATTERSON: It was such a relief to have my husband fail.

MRS. CHIPWAY: How so?

"Oh, I was so afraid we would have to pay all those bills."



ALL'S SWELL THAT ENDS SWELL.



THE REG'LAR ARMY MAN.

He ain't no gold-lace "Belvidere,"  
Ter sparkle in the sun.  
He don't parade with gay cockade,  
And posies in his gun;  
He ain't no "pretty soldier boy,"  
So lovely, spick and span;  
He wears a crust of tan and dust,  
The Reg'lar Army man;  
The marchin', parchin',  
Pipe-clay starchin'—  
Reg'lar Army man.

He ain't at home in Sunday-school,  
Nor yet at social tea,  
And on the day he gets his pay  
He's apt ter spend it free;  
He ain't no temp'rance advocate,  
He likes to fill the can;  
He's kinder rough, an' maybe tough,  
The Reg'lar Army man;  
The rarin', tearin',  
Sometimes swearin',  
Reg'lar Army man.

No State'll call him "noble son,"  
He ain't no ladies' pet,  
But, let a row start anyhow,  
They'll send for him, you bet!  
He don't cut any ice at all  
In Fashion's social plan;  
He gits the job to face a mob,  
The Reg'lar Army man;  
The millin', drillin',  
Made fer killin',  
Reg'lar Army man.

They ain't no tears shed over him  
When he goes off ter war;  
He gits no speech nor prayerful "preach"  
From Mayor or Governor;  
He packs his little knapsack up  
And trots off in the van,  
Ter start the fight and start it right,

The Reg'lar Army man;  
The rattlin', battlin',  
Colt or Gatlin',  
Reg'lar Army man.

He makes no fuss about the job,  
He don't talk big or brave;  
He knows he's in ter fight and win,  
Or help fill up a grave;  
He ain't no "mamma's darlin'," but  
He does the best he can,  
And he's the chap that wins the scrap,



A MAN WHO WAS SEIZED BY A CHILL  
CALLED THE DOCTOR, WHO GAVE HIM A PILL.  
THE CHILL WENT AWAY,  
BUT RETURNED THE NEXT DAY  
WITH THE DOCTOR, WHO CAME WITH A BILL.

The Reg'lar Army man;  
The dandy, handy,  
Cool and sandy,  
Reg'lar Army man.  
—Joe Lincoln, in the Manila (P. I.) Sunday Sun.

A NOVEL illustration of the saying, "Listeners never hear any good of themselves," comes from the London *Tattler*. An Oxford don, more highly esteemed for intellectual activity than modesty, was asked to speak into a phonograph.

A little later the machine was turned on again, and he was requested to listen to his own voice.

He listened in silence, then turned to the company.

"It is very strange!" he said, in a tone of mingled surprise and resentment. "I can't understand it, but through this machine I am made to speak in a peculiarly bumptious and affected manner!"

FILIPINO'S LETTER TO HIS EMPLOYER.

Specimen of a Filipino's letter to his employer as an excuse for his failure to attend to his duty at the appointed time:

"Dear Sir:

"Excuse I am shame very much to you this morning for my promise this noon. Would like Monday morning 8 o'clock I will be on the office Your Sir," etc.

Another one:

"Mr. Mackenzie:

"I am very sorry that I could not go in our office because I am very ill from Sunday night untill now, so you give me big excuse. Very truly your boy," etc.

The latter is not at all bad, and compares favorably with the Tagalog language as written by the average American.—*Manila Sun*.

MRS. CASEY: 'Tis a shame, Mrs. Cassidy, for yer husband to come home drunk the way he does. It hurts me to see it.

MRS. CASSIDY: I don't doubt it, Mrs. Casey. Ye always wuz av an invious disposition.—*Philadelphia Press*.

THE Boston *Globe* remarks that the Democratic party has made President Roosevelt a man of peace. It might have added that President Roosevelt has done much toward making the Democratic party a party of unrest.—*The Kansas City Journal*.

PASTOR (to the convert): Do you believe in the laws of the church?

"I do."

PASTOR (to the congregation): Then let us pray for this person.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

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WHISKEY**  
**That's All!**

Persons who have made  
the subject of eating and  
drinking a study find a  
striking object-lesson in  
every bottle of

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the perfection of which  
marks the superlative  
degree in ale brewing  
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If not, you inconvenience both your business and personal friends who wish to communicate with you.

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**I am John Mackintosh the Toffee King**

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**Mackintosh's Toffee**  
the Pure and Delicious  
**OLD ENGLISH CANDY**

The enormous sales of my Toffee in this country and in England (the home of Mackintosh's Toffee) have made it the greatest international candy. It is absolutely pure and wholesome, and the best can't ever made for children. I want to caution you against inferior imitations of my Toffee. Be sure that you get the original "Mackintosh's Toffee." Ask your dealer, and if he cannot supply you send me Ten Cents in stamps for a sample package; or \$1.00 for a 4-lb. Family Tin. Try your dealer first.

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'Twas EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast  
As down the café aisle there passed  
A girl who bore what looked like rice,  
Yet called she it by this device—

"Excelsior!"

"'Tis not 'Sawdusto,' she explained,  
'Nor 'Mat in Middlings,' hulled and grained,  
Nor yet 'Near-Fodder,' nor 'Chew-Chew'—  
This breakfast food is something NEW—

"Excelsior!"

—*Boston Post.*

**THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY:** The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South. *Booklet.*

It is bad business to fall in love at fifty, but the elderly financier was "up agin it," so he proposed in due form. The sweet young thing refused, and when asked for a reason replied, curtly, after a deal of fencing:

"Your past!"

"But I've always lived honestly—there's nothing against me in any way. What do you find to reproach me in 'my past'—as you call it?"

"Its length!"—*Sporting Times.*

**HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.**

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

The following bill is handed weekly by the school washerwoman to a principal of a boarding school in western Pennsylvania:

"To washing four teachers, five dollars."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

**THE NEW PARKER GAME, "SHERLOCK HOLMES."**

A light, bright, catchy card game which society has taken up and which everybody likes. Published by Parker Brothers of Salem, Mass., New York, and London, also sole owners and makers of PIR, Sir Peter Peppercorn, BID, Ping-Pong, and other famous games.

**HARRY:** Evidently you are far gone on Miss Checkworthy; but it beats me why. I saw her the other evening, dressed in her finest, and I must say I couldn't see anything beautiful about her.

**DICK:** Ah, but you should have seen her as I did one day last week, with her hair in papers and with only a calico wrapper for a gown, sitting in her own room, clipping coupons from a great pile of securities.—*Boston Transcript.*

Our catalogue of fine wines, etc., contains much useful and interesting information upon the subject. We will mail it to you, upon request, without charge. Luyties Brothers, Importers, Bridge Arches, New York.

"Well, Johnny," asked Mr. McRobinson, "how do you like your new teacher? Pretty smart, isn't she?"

"Naw," responded Johnny, sourly, "she ain't."

"How do you know?"

"She wuz tellin' us to-day that Jeffries wuz an English Judge."

"Well, what's wrong with that?"

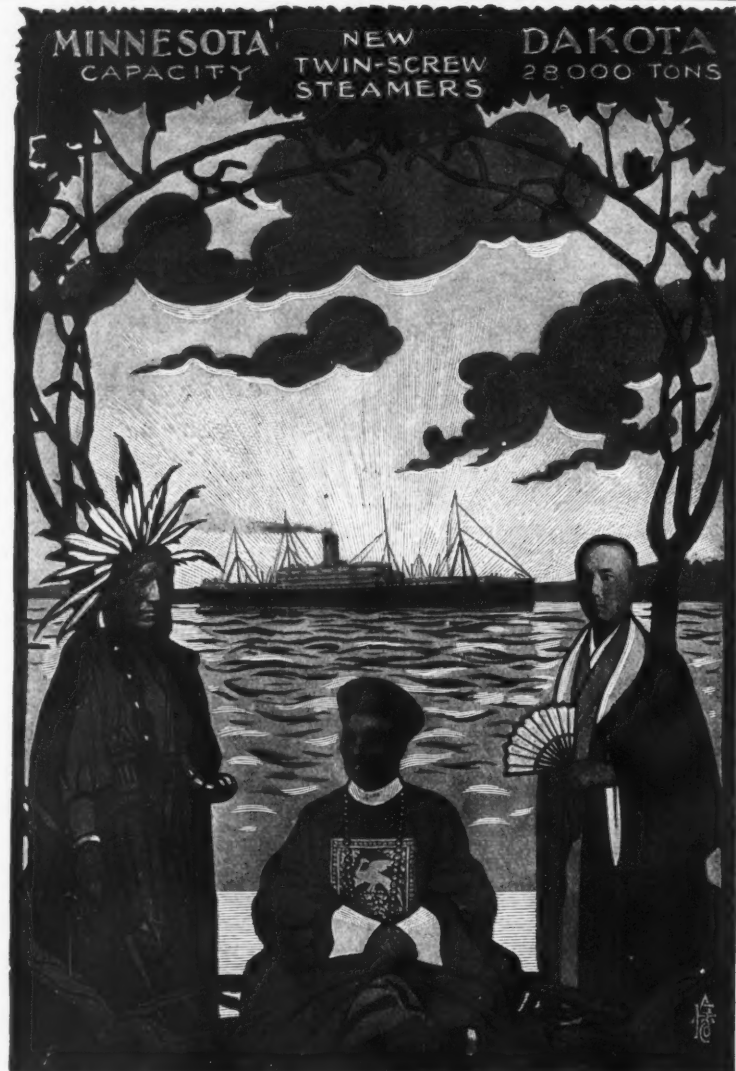
"Shucks!" said Johnny, in deep disgust. "I thought everybody knowed that Jeffries wuz the American champeen pugilist of the world."—*Pittsburg Post.*

**FIRST SHIPWRECKED TOURIST:** Here we are, on a desert island, with no food in sight.

**SECOND SHIPWRECKED TOURIST:** What difference does that make? Didn't I save a box of Fonseca's cigars?

"I'm looking for a cold winter."

"Then I'll direct you. Go up to Alaska."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*



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### His Delicate Sensibilities.

DANIEL J. SULLY, the dethroned Cotton King, made a trip through the South last winter, and when he came back he told a story of an old negro who had been working for a cotton planter time out of mind. One morning he came to his employer and said:

"I'se gwinter quit, boss."

"What's the matter, Mose?"

"Well, sah, yer manager, Mistah Winter, ain't kicked me in de las' free mums."

"I ordered him not to kick you any more. I don't want anything like that around my place. I don't want any one to hurt your feelings, Mose."

"Ef I don't git any more kicks I'se goin' to quit. Ebery time Mistah Winter used ter kick and cuff me when he wuz mad he always git 'shamed of hisself and gimme a quarter. I'se done los' enuff money a'ready wid dis heah foolishness 'bout hurtin' ma feelin's."

—Saturday Evening Post.

THE sportsman can shoot the Hunter One-trigger on a Smith gun just as well with thick gloves as with the bare hands—practically an impossibility with a double trigger. This special feature makes comfortable shooting from a duck blind. Send for illustrated catalogue. Hunter Arms Co., Fulton, N. Y.

"I SEE," began the man on the platform, "that the President had been thinking of tendering his good offices to Russia."

"He has, eh?" spoke up the politician.

"Well, now that he is elected, I hope he will tender me a few."—Chicago Daily News.

"HE says he proposes to make automobiles that will easily attain a speed of eighty miles an hour."

"Whew! that's a great business undertaking."

"Yes, but, most of all, it means a great undertaking business."—Philadelphia Press.

### A SENSIBLE MOTHER

Proud of her children's teeth, consults a dentist and learns that the beauty of permanent teeth depends on the care taken of the first set.

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should be used. The Liquid to penetrate into the little crevices and purify them; the Powder to polish the outer surface and prevent the accumulation of tartar.

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## A Proper Study.

**W**ALL STREET: So your son is studying law. Do you expect that he will stick to it?

**SPECULATOR:** Oh, no; I just want him to know enough about it so that he will be able to evade it successfully.—*Detroit Free Press.*

**M**R. BINKS: I must get a thermometer. John likes to see what it registers every morning.

**MRS. JINKS:** This is a good time to get one, dear. They're much lower than they were three months ago.—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.*

**H**AVE you seen the Automatic Colt Pocket Pistol? It lies flat in the pocket and takes up no more room than a memorandum book. May be carried with perfect safety with the hammer at full cock, and can be discharged more quickly than any arm ever made. An absolutely accurate weapon of great power. Send for illustrated circular. Colt's Patent Firearms Co., Hartford, Conn.

**T**HE late Rev. William Douglas Parish once congratulated an old lady on her bravery in fighting her way to church against a terrible tempest, but received the disconcerting reply: "My husband gets so cross-grained after meals that I have to get out of his way, so I might as well go to church."—*Westminster Gazette.*

### Can You Shave?

Rub a little "3 in One" on your razor strop till leather becomes soft and pliable; draw razor blade between thumb and finger moistened with "3 in One"; then strop. The razor cuts 5 times as easy and clean; holds the edge longer. "A Razor Saver for Every Shaver" which gives the scientific reasons, and a generous trial bottle sent free. Write to-day.

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W. L. Douglas guarantees their value by stamping his name and price on the bottom. Look for it—take no substitute. Sold by shoe dealers everywhere.

## Superior in Fit, Comfort and Wear.

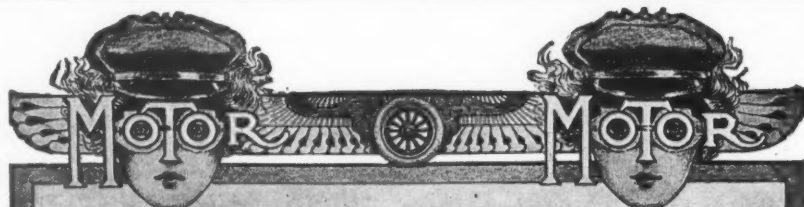
"I have worn W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes for the last 12 years with absolute satisfaction. I find them superior in fit, comfort and wear to others costing from \$5 to \$7.

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W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

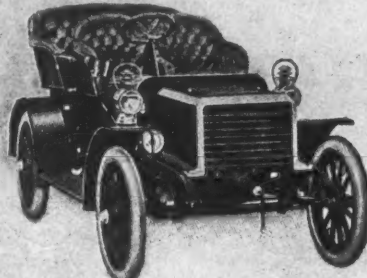


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In the current issue of **MOTOR** are printed pictures of a few of the standard makes of motor cars—without names. The problem is to name the cars correctly. Do you think you can? It is not a difficult matter for a careful observer of **MOTOR'S** advertising or text pages to name them.

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## What Is a Good Title for This Gibson Drawing?

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No suggestion for a title will be considered unless accompanied by Five Dollars to pay for a year's subscription to LIFE. Subscriptions may begin at any time.

The best title will be determined by the Editors of LIFE from titles submitted in the competition. Write your title on an envelope, with your name and address inside. Enclose both with your remittance for subscription. Suggestions must reach LIFE before February 1, 1905. The result will be announced in LIFE for February 23, 1905.

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Mr. Charles Dana Gibson draws regularly for LIFE, the leading illustrated, humorous and satirical journal of the world. The Christmas and other extra numbers of LIFE are sent to subscribers without additional charge.

Send ten cents now for the copy of LIFE which will contain the announcement of the result of this contest. Your name and address will be put on file and the copy mailed to you as soon as issued.

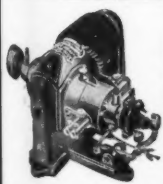
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